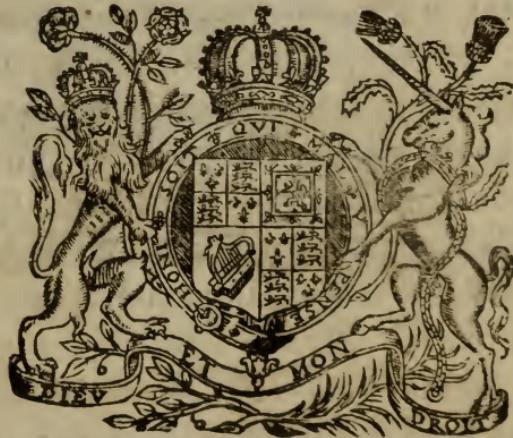


ENGLAND'S TEARES, FOR THE PRESENT VVARS,

WHICH FOR THE NATVRE
of the Quarrell, the quality of Strength, the
diversity of Battailles, Skirmiges, Encounters, and
Sieges,(happened in so short a compasse of
time,)cannot be parallelld by any
precedent Age.



*Hei mihi, quam miser è rugit Leo,Lilia languent;
Heu, Lyra,quam mastos pulsat Hiberna sonos.*

СИДИАДИН
ЗВЯГЕТ
ЗОЯ ПРЕСНЯКОВА

WICHEN IN DER HÖH
SIEGEL (probation in der Höhe)



To my Imperiall Chamber,

The City of London.

Renowned City,



F
any showers of adversity fall
on mee, some of the drops there-
of must needs dash on thy
Streetes. It is not a shower but
a furious Sturme that powr's up-
on mee now, accompanied with
thunder and unusuall fulgurations. The fatall Cloud
wherein this storme lay long engendring, though,
when it began to condense first, it appeared but as
big as a hand, yet by degrees it hath spread to such a
vast expansion, that it hath diffus'd it selfe through all
my Regions, and obscur'd that faire face of Heaven,
which was used to shine upon me; If it last long, 'tis im-
possible but wee both should perish. Peace may, but
Warre must destroy. I see poverty posting a-
pace, and ready to knock at thy gates; That gastly her-
benger of Death the Pestilence appeares already.

Englands Epistle to the City of London.

within and without thy Walls; And me thinks I spie
meager-fac'd Famine afarre off making towards thee;
nor can all thy elaborat circumvallations, & trenches,
or any art of Enginry, keepe him out of thy line of
Communication if this hold. Therefore my deare
Daughter, thinke, Oh thinke upon some timely pre-
vention, 'tis the Counsell, and request of

Thy most Afflicted Mother

ENGLAND.

England's



England's Teares.

H! that my head did flow with waters ;
 Oh, that my Eyes were limbecks through
 which might distill drops and essences of
 bloud ! Oh that I could melt away and
 dissolve all into teares more brackish
 than those Seas that surround me ! Oh that
 I could weep my selfe blind , to prevent the seeing of those
 Mountaines of mischiefs that are like to fall downe upon
 me ! Oh, that I could rend the Rocks that gird me about,
 and with my ejaculations teare and dissipate those black
 dismal Clouds which hang over me ! Oh, that I could cleave
 the Ayre with my cries , that they might finde passage up
 to Heaven , and fetch downe the Moone (that watry planet)
 to weep and wayle with me , or make old Saturne descend
 from his Spheare , to partake with me in my melancholy ,
 and bring along with him the mournfull Pleiades , to make a
 full consort and sing lacbryme with me , for that wofull
 taking, that desperate case , that most deplorable condition I
 have plung'd my selfe into unawares , by this unnaturall
 selfe destroying warre , by this intricat odd kind of Enigmati-
 call Warre , wherein both Parties are so entangled (like a
 skeine of ravell'd silk) that they know not how to un-
 wind and untwist themselves , but by violent and destructive

wayes, by tearing my entrailes, by exhausting my vitall spirits, by breaking my very heart strings to cure the Ma-lady. Oh, I am deadly sick, and as that famous Chancelor of France spoke of the civill Warrs of his Countrey, That France was sick of an unknown disease; so if Hippocrates himselfe were living, he could not be able to tell the true symptomes of mine, though he felt my pulse, and made inspecti-on into my water never so exactly; onely in the generall he may discover a strange kind of infection that hath seised upon the affections of my people; But for the disease it selfe it will gravell him to judge of it: nor can there be any prediction made of it, it is so sharp; which make some tell me that I cannot grow better, but by growing yet worse; That there is no way to stanch this Flux of Bloud, but by opening some of the master Veines; that it is not enough for me to have drunk so deepe of this Cup of affliction, but I must swallow up the dreggs also.

Oh, Passenger stop thy pace, and if there be any sparkles of humane compassion glowing in thy bosome, stay a while and heare my plaints, and I know they will not onely strike a resentment, but a horror into thee; for they are of such a nature, that they are able to penetrate a breast of brasse, to mollifie a heart hoop'd with Adamant, to wring teares out of a statue of Marble.

I that have bin always accounted the Queen of Isles, the Darling of nature, and Neptunes Minion; I that have been stil'd by the Character of the first Daughter of the Church, that have converted eight severall Nations; I that made the morning beames of Christianity shine upon Scotland, upon Ireland, and a good part of France; I that did irradiat Den-marke, Swetland and Norway with the light thereof; I that brought the Saxons, with other Germanes high and low, from Paganisme, to the knowledge of the Gospell; I that had the

first Christian King that ever was (*Lucius*) and the first reformed King (the eight *Henry*) to raigne over mee; I out of whose bowells sprung the first Christian Emperour that ever was, *Constantine*; I that had five severall Kings, *viz.* *John* King of France, *David* King of Scotland, *Peter* King of Boheme, and two Irish Kings my Captifs in lesse than one yeaire; I underwhose banner that great Emperour *Maximilian* tooke it an honor to serve in person, and receive pay from mee and quarter his Armes with mine; I that had the Lion rampant of Scotland lately added to fill up my Scutchens, and had reduc'd Ireland, after so many intermissive Wars, to such a perfect passe of obedience; I that to the wonderment and envy of all the World, preserved my dominions free, when all my neighbour Countries were a fire; I that did so wonderfully flourish and improve in commerce domestique and forren by Land and Sea; I that did so abound with bullion, with buildings, with all sort of bravery that heart could wish; in sum, I, that did live in that height of happiness, in that affluence of all earthly felicity, that some thought I had yet remaining some ingots of that gold whereof the first age was made. Behold, I am now become the object of pity to some, of scorne to others, of laughter to all people; my children abroad are driven to disadvow mee for feare of being geerd, they dare not owne mee for their Mother, neither upon the *Rialto* of *Venice*, the *Berle* of *Auspurg*, the new *Bridg* of *Paris*, the *Cambios* of *Spaine*, or upon the *Quays* of *Holland*, for feare of being baffled. Me thinks I see my next neighbour *France*, (through whose bowells my gray Goose wing flew so oft) making mowes at mee, and saying, that whereas *shee* was wont to be the chiefe Theater where fortune us'd to play her pranks, *shee* hath now remov'd her stage hither; *shee* laughs at me that I should let the common people (and now lately the femalls) to know their strength so much.

Me thinks I see the *Spaniard* standing at agaze, & crossing himself to see me so foolish as to execute the designes of my enemies upon my self. The *Italian* admires to see a people argue themselfs thus into Armes, and to be so actif in their owne ruine; The *German* drinks carouses

that he hath now a Co-partner in his miseries ; The Swed rejoices in a manner to see mee bring in a forren Nation to be my Champion; the Netherlander strikes his hand upon his breast, and protests that he wisheth me as well as once the Duke of Burgundy did France, when he swoare, *He lov'd France so well, that for one King he wish'd shee had twenty.*

Me thinks I see the Turke nodding with his Turban, and telling me that I should thanke Heaven for that distaice which is betwixt us, els he would swallow me all up at one morsell ; onely the Hollander my bosome friend seems to resent my hard condition, yet hee thinks it no illfavourd fight to see his shoppes and lombards evry where full of my plundered goods, to find my trade cast into his hands, and that he can undersell me in my owne native commodities, to see my gold brought over in such heapes , by those that flie from me with all they have for their security ; In fine, me thinks I heare my neighbours about me bargaining very hotly for my skin, while like an unruly horse I run headlong to dash out my own braines.

O cursed jealouſie , the ſource of all my ſorrowes, the ground of all my inexpressible miseries, is it not enough for thee to creep in twixt the husband and the wife, 'twixt the lemmen and his mate, twixt parents and children, twixt kinred and friends ? haſt thou not ſcope enough to ſway in private Families , in ſtaple ſocieties, and Corporations, in common counſells ; but thou muſt get in, twixt King and Parlement, twixt the head and the members (twixt the Members amonſt themſelues ?) but thou muſt diuid Prince and people, Soveraigne and Subject. Avant, avant thou hollow-eyed Snake-haird monster, heſtice away into the abiffe below , into the bottomleſſe gulfe, thy proper manſion ; ſit there in the chaire, and preſide o're the counſells of hell , amonſt the Cacodemons , and never ascend againe to turne my high law-making Court into a Councell of Warre, to turne my Cordials into Corroſives, and throw ſo many Scruples into that Soveraine physique which was uſ'd to cure me of all diſtempers.

But when I well conſider the conſtitution of this elementary world,

when I find manto be part of it, when I think on those light and changeable ingredients that go to his composition, I conclude, that men will be men while there is a World , and as long as the Moone hath an influxive power to make impressions upon their humors, they will be ever greedy and covetous of novelties and mutation ; the common people will be still common people, they will sometime or other shew what they are, and vent their instable passions. And when I consider further the distractions, the tossings, turmoylings and tumblings of other Regions round about mee, as well as mine owne, I conclude also, that kingdomes and states and Cities, and all body politiques are subiect to convulsions, to calentures, and consumptions, aswell as the frayle bodies of men, and must have an evacuation for their corrupt humours, they must be phlebotomiz'd ; I have often felt this kind of phlebotomy, I have had also shrewd purges and pills given me, which did not only worke upon my superfluous humours, but wasted sometimes my very vital spirits; yet I had electuaries and Cordialls given mee afterwards, in so much that this present tragedy is but *vetus fabula, novi Histriones*, it is but an old play represented by new Actors , I have often had the like. Therefore let no man wonder at these traverses and humour of change in mee. I remember there was as much wondring at the demolishing of my 600 and odd Monasteries, Nunneries and Abbeys for being held to be *Hives of drones*, as there is now at the pulling downe of my Crosses, Organs and Windowes ; There was as much wondering when the Pope fell here, as now that the Prelates are like to fall ; The World wondered as much when the *Masse* was disliked , as men wonder now the Liturgy should be distasted ; And God grant that people do not take at last a surfeit of that most divine Ordinance of preaching, for no violent thing lasts long. And though there should be no satiety in holy things, yet such is the depraved condition of man, he is naturally such a Changeling, that the over frequency and commonnesse of any thing, be it never so good, breeds in tract of time a kind of contempt in him, it breeds a fulnesse and nausieousnes in him.

The first Reformation of my Church began at Court, and so was the more feasable, and it was brought to passe without a Warre ; The scene is now otherwise, it is farre more sanguinary and fuller of actors; never had a Tragedy *acts* of more variety in so short a time ; there was never such a confus'd *mysterious* civil Warre as this, there was never so manybodies of strength on Sea and Shore, never such choice Armes and Artillerie , never such a numerous Cavaltie on both sides, never a greater eagernes and confidence, never such an amphibolous quarrell, both parties declaring themselves for the King, and making use of his name in all their Remonstrances to justifie their actions, The affection, and understandings of people were never so confounded and puzzled, not knowing where to acquiesce, by reason of such counter-commands.. One side calls the resisting of Royall commands *loyalty*, the other termes *loyalty*, the opposing of Parliamentary Orders and Ordinances. Both parties would have peace, the one would have it with *Honour*, the other with *Truth*, (and God forbid but both should go together) but, *Interea ringor Ego*, in the meane time I suffer by both, the one taking away what the other leav's ; Insomuch that whosoever will be curious to read the future story of this intricate Warre (if it be possible to compile a story of it) he will find himselfe must stagger'd, and put to a kind of riddle ; for touching the intricacy of it, touching the strange nature, or rather the unnaturalnesse of it, it cannot be parallel'd by any precedent example: for in my Chronicles I am sure no age can match it, as I will make it briefly appeare, by comparing it with all the Warrs that ever embroyld me, which I find to be of three sorts, either by the *invation* of Forreiners, the *Insurrection* of my Commons , or by the confederacy of my Peeres and Princes of the bloud.

I will not take the ashes of Antiquity so farre as to speake of that deluge of bloud I spilt before I would take the Roman Legions for my Garrison ; I am loth to set downe how the *Saxons* us'd me, and how the *Danes* us'd *Them*, nor how I had one whole brave race of people (the *Picts* I meane) quite extinguished in me. I will begin

with the *Norman* expedition , and indeed to make researches of matters before, is but to grope in the darke, but I have authentique *Annales* and *Records* for things since. The *Norman* came in with the slaughter of neere upon sixty eight thousand Combatants upon the place, a *Battaile* so memorable, that the very ground which sucking in the bloud retaines the name of it to this day. The *Dane* not long after strook in to recover his right , with the sacking of my second great City of *Yorke*, and the syring of her, with the slaughter of 3000 of my children in one afternoone , yet hee was sent away without his arrand. In the raigne of *Rufus* I was made of his colour, red with bloud both by the *Welsh* and the *Scot* , who lost his King *Malcolm* in the *Battaile* of *Alnwick*. All my eight *Henries* were infested with some civill broyles, except my fift *Henry* the greatest of them, who had work enough cut him out in *France*, and he plied his worke so well that he put that *Crown* upon his Sonnes head. All my *Edwards* also had some *intestin* insurrection or other ; indeed two of my three *Richards* had alwayes quietnesse at home, though the first did go the furthest off from me, and was longest absent of any ; And the third, though he came in by bloud, yet the short time of his triennall Raigne he was without any, and prov'd one of my best Law-givers , yet his life ended in bloud. Touching my second *Richard*, and second *Edward*, there were never any of my Kings came to a more Tragique end, and the greatest staines in my story were the violent deaths they suffred by the hands of their owne (*Regicide*) Subjects. The two sister *Queenes* that swayed my Scepter had also some domestique commotions ; and now my *CHARLES* hath them to the height, in so much that of those five and twenty Monarques who have worne my diadems since the *Norman* entred, there was onely fower, viz. the forementioned *Henry* , and *Richards*, with King *JAMES* scaped free from all *intestin* broyles! Oh how it torments my Soule to rememb're how my *Barons* did teare my bowells! what an Ocean of bloud the two *Roses* cost mee before they were conjoined, for during the time that I was a Moaster with two heads (made so

by their division) I meane during the time that I had two Kings at once, *Edward the fourth, and Henry the sixt* within me, in five yeares space I had twelve Battailles fought within my entrailes, and I lost neere upon fourescore Princes of the royll stem, and parted with more of my spirits than there were spent in winning of *France*. The World knowes how free and prodigall I have bin of my bloud abroad in diverse places, I watered the *Holy Land* with much of it ; Against my Co-Islander the *Scot* I had above twenty pitch'd Battails, *ooke many, and kil'd* some of their Kings in the Field, the *Flower de lices* cost me deare before I brought them over upon my Sword ; and the reductiōn of *Ireland* from time to time to civility, and to an exact rule of allegiance, wasted my children in great nombers. I never grudg'd to venture my bloud this way, for I ever had glorious returnes for it, and my Sons died in the bed of honour : but for them to glut themselves with one anothers bloud, for them to lacerat and rip up (viper-like) the womb that brought them forth, to teare the Paps that gave them suck, can there be a greater piacle against nature ? can there be a more execrable and horrid thing ? If a stranger had us'd me thus it would not have griev'd me halfe so much ; *It is better to be stung with a nettle, than prick'd by a Rose* ; I had rather suffer by an Enemy, than by my owne naturall borne offspring. Those former home-wag'd Wars, whereof there happened above fourescore since the *Norman* came in, were but as fires of Flax in comparison of this horrid combustion both in my Church and State. One may finde those Wars epitomiz'd in small volumes, but a whole library cannot containe this. They were but Scratches being compar'd to these deep wounds which Prince, Peere and people have receiv'd, by this ; such wounds, that it seems no gentle Cataplasmes can cure them, they must be lanc'd and cauteriz'd, and the huge scars they will leave behind them, will, I feare, make me appeare deformed and ugly to all posterity, so that I am half in despair to recover my former beauty ever again. The deep stains these Wars will leave behinde, I fear all the water of the *Severne, Trent or Thames*, cannot wash away.

The twentieth Moon hath not yet run her cours, since the two-edged sword of War hath rag'd and done many horrid executions within me, since that Hellish invention of powder hath thundred in every corner, since it hath darkned and torne my well-tempered air, since I have weltered in my own blood, and bin made a kinde of Cockpit, a Theater of death; And in so short a circumvolution of time, I may confidently affirm, take battailes, re-encounters, sieges, and skirmishes together, there never hapned so many in any Countrey ; nor do I see any appearance, (the more is my miserie) of any period to be put to these Distractions. Every day is spectator of some new Tragedie, and the relations that are hourely blaz'd abroad sound sometimes well on the one side, sometimes on the other, like a peal of bels in windy weather (though often times in a whole volley of Newes you shall hardly finde one true Report) which makes me fear that the all-disposing Deity of Heaven continueth the successes of both parties in a kinde of equality, to prolong my punishment. *Ita ferior, ut diu me sentiam mori,* I am wounded with that dexterity, that the fense and agonies of my sufferings are like to be extended to the uttermost length of time, and possibility of nature.

But, O Passenger, if thou art desirous to know the cause of these fatall discomposures, of this *inextricable war*, truly I must deal plainly, I cannot resolve thee herein to any full satisfaction. Grievances there were I must confess, and some incongruities in my Civill government (wherein some say the *Croſier*, some say the *Distaffe* was too busie) but I little thought, God wot, that those grievances required a redresse this way. Doſt thou ask me whether *Religion* was the cause; God forbid ; That innocent and holy Matron had rather go clad in the snowy white robes of meeknesse and longanimity, than in a vest of Sanguine dye : her practise hath been to overcome by a passive fortitude without re-action, and to triumph in the milk-white Ivory Chariot of innocency and patience, not to be hurried away with the fiery wheels of war, *les larmes not les armes*, (as my next neighbour hath it) *Grōnes not Gunnes* were used to be her wea-

pons unlesse in case of open and impendent danger, of invincible necessity, and visible actuall oppression ; and then the Armes she useth most is the Target to shroud her selfunder, and fence away the blow, shee leaves all other weapons to the Aicharon to propagate and expand it self. This gentle grave Lady, though the Rubrickes of her Service be in red characters, yet shee is no lover of Blood ; shee is an improver of Peace, and the sole object of her Devotion is the God of Peace in whose Highest Name, in the name *Jeho-vah*, as the Rabbies observe, all the letters are *quiescent*. That sacred Comforter, which inspires her Ambassadours, uses to ascend in form of a *Dove*, not in the likenesse of a devouring *vulture*, and he that brings him down so, may be said to sin against the holy Ghost ; To beat Religion into the braines with a Poleaxe, is to make a *Moloch* of the *Messias*, to offer him victims of humane blood ; Therefore I should traduce and much wrong *Religion* if I should cast this war upon her : yet me-thinks I here this holy distrest Matron lament that shee is not also without her grievances ; some of her chiefest Governours (for want of moderation) could not be content to walk upon the battlements of the Church, but they must put themselves upon stilts, and thence mount up to the Turrets of civill policy ; some of her Preachers grew to be meer Parasites, some to the *Court*, some to the *Country* ; some would have nothing in their mouthes but *Prærogative*, others nothing but *Priviledge* ; some would give the Crown all, some nothing at all ; some to feed zeal, would famish the understanding ; others to feast the understanding, and tickle the outward ear (with essaies and flourishes of rhethoricke) would quite starve the soule of her true food, &c.

But the principall thing that I hear that Reverend Ladie, (that Queen of soules, and key of heaven) make her mone of, is, that that Seamelesse garment of Vnity and Love, which our Saviour left her for a legacie, should bee torne and rent into so many Scissures and Sects, by those that woulde make that coat which she wore in her infancy, to serre her in her riper yeare. I hear her cry out at the mon-

strous

strous exorbitant liberty that almost every capricious Mechanique takes to himself to shape and forme what Religion he list: for the world is come now to that passe, That the Taylor and Shoomaker may cut out what Religion they please; The Vintner and Tapster may broach what Religion they please; The Druggest and Apothecary may mingle her as they please, The Haberdasher may put her upon what block he pleases; The Armourer and Cutler may furnishe her as they please; The Dyer may put what colour, the Painter may put what face upon her he please; The Draper and Mercer may measure her as they please; The Weaver may cast her upon what loom he please; The Boatswain and Mariner may bring her to what docke they please; The Barber may trim her as he please; The Gardiner may lop her as he please; The Blacksmith may forge what Religion he please, and so every Artizan according to his profession and fancies may form her as he please. Me thinks I hear that venerable Matron complaine further, how her Pulpits in some places are become Beacons; Hovv in lue of lights, her Churches up and dovvn are full of Firebrands; How every caprichio of the brain is term'd tenderness of Conscience, vvhich well examined is nothing but some frantick fancy, or fenzie of some shalloyv-braind Sciolist; and vwhereas others have bin us'd to run mad for excesse of knovvledge, some of my children grovv mad novv a daies out of tvvo much ignorance. It stands upon record in my story, that when the Norman had taken firm footing within me, he did demolish many Churches and Chappels in New-Forrest, to make it fitter for his pleasure and venery, but amongst other judgements which fell upon this Sacriledge, one vvas, that tame foovl grew Wilde; I fear God Almighty is more angry vwith me now then than, and that I am guilty of vvorste crimes; for not my Fowl, but my Folke and people are grown half wild in many places, they would not worry one another so in that Wolvish belluine manner else, they would not precipitate themselves else into such a mixt mungrell War, a War that paſseth all understanding; They would not cut their own throats, hang,

drown, and do themselves away in such a desperate sort, which is now grown so common, that self-murthe is scarce accounted any newes; which makes Strangers cry out, that I am all turnd into a kinde of Great Bedlam; that *Barbary* is come into the midst of me; hat my children are grown so savage, so flesh'd in blood, and become so inhumane and obdurate, that with the same tendernessee of sence they can see a man fall, as a horse, or some other bruit Animall, they have so lost all reverence to the image of their Creatour, which was used to be more valued in me, than amongst any other Nations.

But I hope my King and great Councell will take a course to bring them to their old English temper againe, to cure me of this *vertigo*, and preserve me from ruine; for such is my desperate case, that as there is more difficultie, so it would be a greater honour for them to prevent my destruction, and pull me out of this plunge, than to adde unto me a whole new kingdome; for true wisdome hath alwayes gloriied as much in conservation, as in conquest.

The *Roman*, though his ambition of conquering had no horizon, yet he us'd to triumph more (as multitudes of examples might be produc'd) at the composing of an intestine war, than for any new conquest, or forzen achievement whatsoever; And though hee was a great martiall man, and lov'd fighting as well as any other, yet his maxime was, *That no peace could be so bad, but it was preferable to the best war*. It seemes the *Italian* his successor retaines the same genius to this day, by the late peace, (notwithstanding the many knots that were in the thing) which hee concluded: For although six absolute Princes were interessed in the quarrell, and that they had all just pretences, and were heated and heightned in their designes, yet rather than they would dilaniat the entrailes of their owne mother (*faire Italy*) and expose her thereby to be ravish'd by Tramontanes, they met half way, and complyed with one another in a gallant kind of freedome, though everie one bore his share in some inconvenience. Oh that my children would be mov'd by this so reasonable example of the *Italian*, who amongst other of his characters, is said to be *wise à priori*, before

the blow is given. I desire my gracious Soveraigne to think, that it was never held inglorious or derogatorie for a King to be guided and to steere his course by the compasse of his great Councell, and to make his understanding descend, and condescend to their advice ; nor was it ever held dishonourable for subjects to yeeld and bow to their King (to be *Willowes*, not *Oakes*) and if any mistake should happen, to take it upon themselves, rather than any should reflect upon their Soveraigne. And if, in case of difference, hee be willing to meet them halfe way, 'twere handsome they went three parts thereof to prevent him. Therefore I conjure them both in the name of the great Deitie of Heaven, (*who transvolves kingdomes, and tumbleth downe kings in his indignation*) that they would think of some speedie way to stop this issue of bloud ; for to deale plainly with them, I see far greater reason to conclude this war, than ever there was to commence it : Let them consider well they are but outward Church rites and ceremonies they fight for, as the rigidst sort of Reformers confess ; the Lutheran (the first Reformist) hath many more conformable to the Church of Rome, which he hath continued these 120 yeares, yet is he as far from *Rome* as the first day he left her, and as free from danger of relapse into Poperie as *Amsterdam* herselfe ; and must I, unhappy I, be lacerated and torne in peeces thus for shadowes and ceremonies ? I know there is a clashing 'twixt Prerogative and Priviledge, but I must put them in mind of the misfortune that befell the flock of sheep and the Bell-weather, whereof the first fed in a common, the latter in an inclosure, and thinking to break into one anothers pasture (as *all creatures naturally desire change*) and being to passe over a narrow-narrow bridge which sever'd them, they met in the middle and justled one another so long, till both fell into the ditch. And now that I have begun, I will warnethem by another fable of the *Spaniſh Mule*, who having by accident gone out of the great road, and carried her Rider thorow a by-path upon the top of a huge steepie rock, stopp'd upon a sudden, and being not able to turne and goe backward, by reason of the narrownesse of the path, nor forward, in regard of a

huge Rockie precipice, shee gently put one foot behind the other, and recoyld inthat manner, untill she had found the great road againe.

I desire my high Councell to consider, that the royall Prerogative is like the Sea, which, as Navigators observe, what it loseth at one time or in one place, gets alwaies in some other; I desire my deare King to consider, that the privilege of Parlement, the Laws and liberties of the Subject, is the greatest support of his Crown, that his great Councell is the truest glasse wherin he may discerne his peoples love, and His own, happiness; It were wisdom that both did strike saile in so dangerous a storne, to avoyd Shipwrack, I am loth to say, what consultations, what plots, and machinations are fomenting and forging abroad against me, by that time I have enfeebled and wasted my selfe, and lost the flower of my best children in these wofull broyles. Me thinks I spie the Jesuit sitting in his cell and laughing in his sleeve at me, and crying out, The Devil part the Fray, for they do but execute my designes.

Oh, I feele a cold quame come over my heart, that I faint, I can speake no longer; yet I will straine my selfe to breath out this invocation, which shall be my conclusion.

Sweet Peace, most benigne and amiable Goddess, how comes it to passe that thou hast so abandon'd Earth, and taking thy flight to Heaven, as once Astraea did, dost reject the sighs and Sacrifices of poore mortalls? was that flaming Vesper of Gods vengeance which appear'd six and twenty yeares since in the Heavens, the Herald that fetch'd thee away? for ever since poore Europe hath bin harass'd, and pittifullly rent up and downe with Warres, and now I am become the last Scene. Gentle peace, thou which goest always attended on by plenty and pleasure, Thou which fillest the husbandmans Barnes, The Grasiers folds, the Tradesmans shop, the Vintners cellars, the Lawyers desk, the Merchants Magazines, the Princes treasury, how comes it to passe that thou hast given-up thy Throne to Bellona, that all-destroying fury? Behold how my plundred Yeoman wants Hinds and Horses to Plow up my fertile Soyle; the poore labourer who useth to ming-

gle the morning dew with his anheled sweat, shaks at his Worke for feare
of pressing; The Tradesman shutts up his shop, and keepes more Holydaies
than willingly hee woulde; The Merchant walks to the Exchange onely
to learne newes, not to negotiate. Sweet Peace, thou which wast us'd to
make Princes Courts triumph with Tilt and Tournements, with other Gallan-
tries, to make them receive lustre by forren Ambassadors; to make the
Arts and Sciences flourish; to make Cities and Suburbs shine with goodly
structures; to make the Country ring with the Hunts-mans Horne, and the
Shepheards Pipe; how comes it to passe that bloud-thirsty discord now u-
surps thy place, and flings about her Snakes in every corner? Behold, my
Prince his Court is now full of nothing but Buff-Coats, Spanners and Mus-
ket Rests; The Countrey Echos with nothing but with the sound of Drums
and Trumpets. Hark how pittifull my Lions roare, how dejectedly
my Roscs and Flower de luces hang downe their heads, what dolefull
straines my Harpe gives.

O consider my case most blisfull Queene, descend, descend againe in thy
Ivory Chariot; resume thy Throne, Crowne thy Temples with thy wonted
laurell and Olive, bar up Janus gates, and make new Halcionian dayes
to shine in this Hemisphere; disspell those Clouds which bover twixt my
King and his highest Counsell, chase away all jealousies and ombrages
of mistrust, that my great law-making Court be forc'd to turne no more to
polemicall Committees, and to a Counsell of Warre (unlesse it be for some
forren Conquest,) but that they may come againe to the old Parlementary
Roade; To the path of their predecessors, to consult of meanes how
to sweepe away those Cobwebs that hang in the Courts of Justice,
and to make the Lawes run in the right Channell; to retrench
excessive fees, and find remedies for the future, that the poore Client be
not so peel'd by his Lawyer, and made to suffer by such monstrous de-
lays, that one may go from one tropique to the other, and crosse the E-
quinoctiall twenty times, before his suit be done; that they may think
on a course to restraine Gold and Silver from travelling without li-
cense, with other staple commodities, and to punish those that
transport Hides for Calfe-Skinnes; To advance native commodities

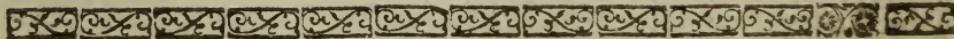
and Manufactures, to ballance and improve Trade, and settle it so, that it may stand upon its owne Bottome, and not by any *accidental* *wayes*, as of late yeares a glut of Trade was cast upon me by the Warres twixt *France* and the House of *Austria*, and others.

That this Trade of mine (my chiefest sinew) be not cast into the hands of Aliens, who eat mee out in many places in my owne commodities ; That it bee prevented hereafter, that one bee not permitted to ingrosse and ingulph all , but that my Trade and wealth may by some wholesome policy be diffus'd up and down my Cities in a more equal distribution. That they may advise of a way to relieve the Orphan, who suffers more for his minority in me, than any where else ; That the poore *Insolvent* Subject be not so buried alive, and made to rot in *Prison*, notwithstanding his apparant disability, whereas were he abroad he might be usefull to the Common-Wealth some way or other, and come happily afterwards to an ability to pay. To regulate the businesse of drain'd lands; which well manag'd would tend very much both to enlarge and enrich my *Quarters*. To secure the Dominion of my Seas, the fairest Flower of my *Crowne*, which is now almost quite lost. To preserve my Woods, whereof, if this course hold, their wil hardly bee found in some places enough to make a *Tooth-pick*. To settle the revenues, and supplie the wants of my *Crown*; for the wants of the *Crown*, and the Grievances of the Subject have bin alwaies used to go hand in hand in my *Parlements*. And now, that my neighbour Princes (specially, *France* and *Spain*) have of late yeeres enhanc'd the revenue royall, at least to the third part more than it was, it were a disparagement to me, that my King should not bear up in Equall proportion, and point of Greatnesse this way, considering that he hath more of the Royall Stem to maintain, than any of his Progenitors ever had. Lastly, that they may settle a way to regulate all exorbitant fancies of novelists, in the exercise of holy Religion : Where there is no obedience , subordination, & restrictive Lawes to curb the changeable humours and extravagancies of men,

there can be no Peace or Piety : if the fire be not kept within the tunnell of the Chimney, and that some be appointed to sweep down the Soot (which may bee done otherwise than by shooting up of Muskets) the whole House will be in danger of burning.

Oh me, I feel the pangs of death assaile mee , let some good body go toll the bell; And as one of my Kings , the night before he was slain in New-forrest , for the expiation of his fathers Sacriledge, did dream that a cold winde did passe through his bowels; so me thinks, I feel a bleak cold Northern blast blowing upon me, which I fear will make an end of me : It is a miracle if I scape , tis onely the high hand of Providence can preserve me. If I and my Monarchy miscarry, I desire that my Epitaph may be written (in regard I know him to have been a long time not onely sensible but a sharer with me in point of suffering) by my dearly beloved Childe

James Howell.



To

To the discerning Reader.

HE that with a well-weigh'd judgement observeth the passions of this Discourse, must needs conclude, that the Author (besids his own hard condition) hath a deep sense of the common calamities of this Countrey in generall; which makes him break out into such pathetique expressions. And because he might do it with more freedom, and lesse presumption, he maketh England her selfe to breath out his disordred passions. Wee know a Mother hath a prerogative by nature to speake home unto her children, and sometimes in a chiding way (though with teares in her eyes) to give them advice: The same doth England in this discours, but with all the indulgence and indifference that may be to both parties. Therefore the Author humble hopes, that no exception, much lesse any offence, will be taken at Her complaints, or Counsell.

I.H.

FINIS.

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